

A N
Old Maid's Fortune:
O R, T H E
Bride at her Wits-End.

A
Burlesque P O E M,

O C C A S I O N ' D

By the Reading of *Hans Carvell.*

Humbly inscrib'd to the three Sisters
F-----ns.

L O N D O N,

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Old Maid's Formine

OF THE

Bridge at New Wyke-End



Bought of E.M.

Occasioned

By the R. of the Council



Presented to the Council

By the

LONDON

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THE
Epistle Dedicatory.

LADIES;

AS the Misfortune of poor
Sue may well merit
Compassion, 'twould not be
proper she should appear in
the World, but under your
Protection. There are two
old Proverbs for the Dotards
of Antiquity, which embol-
dens her to shelter herself
A 2 under

Epistle Dedicatory.

under your Patronage; the one, that *Birds of a Feather flock together*. And indeed, the Similitude of your Juvenal Years, when *Time was*, has had so great a Resemblance to the Case of poor *Susan*, that one would almost be tempted to think it were your own. Nor has the latter Part of her Life, which is chiefly enlarg'd upon in the following Lines, a wide Resemblance from one of yours. Where should poor *Susan* then address herself? or hope for Compassion, but from those who most sympathize in her Sufferings; remembering the other Adage, viz. that

Epistle Dedicatory.

that *Company in Distress*
makes the Trouble the less.

ONE would almost be
tempted to believe your A-
version to the *Nuptial State*
proceeds from the Dread of
so terrible an Example, plac'd
so near your View, and her
inhuman Treatment by so
ungrateful a Companion, who
after having finger'd the *Pe-*
cunia has no farther Regard
to the Premises.

YOUR Ladyships have ve-
ry wisely taken up a Resolu-
tion to *keep the Staff in your*
own Hands, and not part with
the same absolutely to any a-
morous

Epistle Dedicatory.

morous Pretenders whatsoever, lest when they *have once got the same by the right End*, they make use of it to their own Advantage only; without consulting the Inclination of the Donor: as knowing the ungrateful Temper of too many Men, who will alledge, when a Woman has neither Youth to allure, Beauty to captivate, Conversation to engage, nor the last prevailing Argument of Money remaining, the *Nuptial Drudgery* is too nausious a Pill to be swallow'd by any Man, who enjoys his five Senses.

IT

Epistle Dedicatory.

It might be hop'd, that so great a Seniority in Years might command Respect, and fix the roving Inclinations of the *Beau Mond*; but so unstable are their Fancies, that I cannot blame your Ladyships for entertaining so harsh an Opinion, as to believe, who ever makes his Addresses to any of you, fixes his Eye only on the Prospect of a Golden Harvest he is in hopes of Reaping, and regards your Persons only as a squeamish Epicure does a slovenly Cook, who is tossing up a *Bon-Ragoust* for his Palate, that dreads to look upon the
Dripping

Epistle Dedicatory.

Dripping Mortal, whilst he is preparing the *Quelquechose*; least the unfavory Sight should turn his Stomach, and make him chuse to go Superfluous to Bed, rather than to receive his Nourishment from the filthy Hands of so uncouth an Animal.

I CANNOT but commend your Ladyships wise Foresight and Prudence, in so wisely taking up a Resolution to reject all Overtures, tending to a Hymenial Engagement, upon the Motives, that they are only level'd at your Fortunes, and readily acquiese in your Opinions, that as *the Labour-*
er

Epistle Dedicatory.

er is worthy of his Hire, so it is a Piece of consummate Prudence in you, to follow the Rule prescrib'd upon another Occasion, viz. He that will not labour, let him not eat. And tho' your Ladyships Goodness is so extensive, that you would willingly pay the Labourer who will enter into the Vineyard at the eleventh Hour. Yet where the Husbandmen prove like *Solomon's* Slugards, lazy and negligent, and suffers the Ground to be over-run with Weeds and Nettles for want of Occupying, 'twould even be a Breach of Charity to encourage their Indolence. But

B

as

Epistle Dedicatory.

as it would be impertinent in
me to add more at present; I
shall only beg leave to assure
yee, that I am,

LADIES,

Your Ladyships

most Obedient,

and most humble Servant,

1 AP 64

T. R.





A N

Old Maid's Fortune, &c.

SUE Lackit, of the London
Mould,
Wish fifteen Thousand Pounds in
Gold;

Had in her younger Days withstood
Many fair Offers, altho' good.

One she refus'd, because, forsooth,
He did not seem a vig'rous Youth.

A Second was too old, they say.

A Third not airey, brisk, and gay.

A Fourth not rich enough in Self.

Thus Sue with none could please herself,

So Difficult, she all rejected.
 But when they found themselves neglected,
 That none could please, they then in spite,
 Turn'd Tail, and bid poor **Sue** Good-night;
 Disdain'd to nibble at the Bait;
 And left poor **Sue** to curse her Fate.
 Nay, even none vouchsaf'd to offer,
 Or meaner Favours to her proffer;
 But left her to grow Old and Stale,
 And doom'd her to lead Apes in Hell.

Sue all her Arts did then display,
 Patch'd, painted, powder'd every Day;
 New Causes, Laces, daily dress'd,
 She vy'd in Fine'ry with the best.
 Thus spread her Nets, set ope her Ginn,
 In hopes to draw some Woodcock in;
 She try'd, and try'd, and try'd again;
 But all her Arts, alas, were vain.
 Not one would venture, no not one,
 But let her gnaw the Sheets alone.

In

In Sighs and Tears she spent whole Nights,
 Curst her before disdainful Slights;
 But still endeavour'd to be seen
 At Fifty, gay, as at Fifteen.

Now the best Bait at last she tries,
 Her Gold; Gold dazzles many Eyes;
 That she exposes as the Bait
 To any Fellow that will ha' it.
 Provided, only this, that he,
 In Age exceed not Thirty-three.
 If he be found both Wind and Limb,
 She nothing else requires of him.
 No Joynture, nor no Settlement;
 In case of Death, 'tis her intent,
 He shall command her and her Gold,
 If he'll but say, **To have and hold.**

At last comes Tom, a rakeish Fellow,
 Of Twenty-five, who being mellow,
 Demands

Demands to see poor Susan's Gold;
 Cries he will say, **To have and hold.**
Tom sees, and likes; the Bargain's made;
 And speaks, but first the Money's paid.
 For he who'll say, **To have and hold,**
 And only weds for sake of Gold,
 Shoul'd doubly damn'd be, if he'll trust
 The Parson e'er he's sold the Dust.
 For if their Words he chance to take,
 Their Faith and Promises may break;
 And when the **Gordian Knot** is ty'd,
 Too late **Peccavi** will be cry'd.
 For neither Law, nor Chancery can,
 To Liberty, restore the Man.

But he who will not have, nor hold,
 Nor take the Bride without the Gold;
 Nor will not trust a single Doight,
 But counts the Fortune if 'tis right,
 Before he'll venture to the Church;
 For fear he shoul'd be left ith' Lurch;

Is sure to have both Ends o' th' Curse,
As well the Better, as the Worse.

A Bride, perhaps, a Limb o' th' Devil,
And Money too, the Root of Evil.

But tho' the Root of Evil't be,

'Tis as powerful Charms, as you may see.

For Money does all Things, you know,

Money will make the Mare to go.

'Tis Money makes the Pot to boil;

'Tis Money makes the Miser smile;

'Tis Money makes the crooked Elf

Esteem and idolize himself.

What is it makes an errant Toney;

A Man of Sense? Why, store of Money.

What is it makes a vicious Madam,

That's been five Hundred Times at Madam,

Chast as a Vestal Virgin fair?

About one Thousand Pounds a-Year.

What makes old Hecuba to prove,

As fit as Helen was for Love?

Some

Some twenty Thousand Pounds in Gold
 Will keep the Hag from growing Old.
 Has she one Eye, one Thousand Pound,
 May for the other well compound.
 If ne'er a Nose upon her Face,
 Gold can as well supply the Place;
 For Gold that can all Things procure;
 'S a Salve that ev'ry Sore can cure.
 But soon as e'er the tempting Gold
 Is to the purchas'd Husband told;
 And either he in Fob or Locket,
 Or safe in his Scrutore does lock it;
 The Wife a very Hag does prove,
 A Hecuba, unfit for Love.
 She's but one Eye, and ne'er a Nose;
 She's every Fault you can suppose.
 Her Teeth are rotted out with Age.
 Who wou'd with such a Bride engage.

I'd laugh and smile, and talk at Random,
 Tell am'rous Stories to ol'd Grandam;

Sing

Sing her Love Sonnets, Songs, and Catches,
And tell of fifty Thousand Matches.

E'en let her think I mean'd to wooe her,
Altho' I ne'er design'd it to her.

For e'er I'd match with such a Wife,
I sooner would, upon my Life,

A Death's Head on a Mopstick place,
And deck'd about with Fringe and Lace;

A Canvas Body, plump and full,
Well stuff'd with Feathers, or with Wooll,

Might serve much better to repose on;

Than such a wither'd, haggard Bosom.

If the Out-side was plump and fair,
No matter what the Inside were.

For what's by th' Drapery conceal'd,
Should not be to the Eyes reveal'd.

And if those Things not made for Shew,
W^e expose unto the common View,

They loose the Value, which before
They had, and are esteem'd no more.

So Secrets, which cause such, are priz'd;
But when they're known, they are despis'd.

And as to what's below the Wast,
If in Imagination plac'd;
No matter whether 'ts Flesh or Wood;
Since each is for some Uses good.
And if disrob'd, it may be found,
The wooden Mistress is most found.

Then if those Toys, from Sight conceal'd,
And only by the Touch reveal'd,
We strongly fancy we possess,
Our Satisfaction is no less,
Than if we really did retain,
The thing we strove so much to gain.

But he who boldly dares to venture,
And the Pymenial Yoke to enter,

And

That hopes t' enjoy a pleasant Life,
 By matching with a prudent Wife;
 Shoul'd neither Gold, nor Jewels doat on;
 Nor Puppet, with a Velvet Coat on;
 Nor first enquire what is the Fortune;
 E'er he the Lady will importune.
 Nor shoul'd the Lady, e'er she can,
 Admittance give to th' am'rous Man,
 Enquire how much his Purse contains;
 Nor by his Lands measure his Brains;
 But first shoul'd ask what good Pretence
 Her Suitor has to solid Sense,
 If Judgement, and Integrity,
 And Wisdom his Companions be;
 Else whilst she only eyes the Gold,
 She in her Arms a Fool may fold.

When bounteous Heav'n had first design'd,
 In Paradise to bless Mankind,
 To ease his Cares, and sweeten Life,
 With an indulgent tender Wife.

Eve first was made; for Adam fit:
 All blooming Fair, and full of Wit;
 Soft and indulgent, kind and free;
 In Years and Tempers both agree.
 But God did neither give, nor mention
 A Portion; 'twas the Devil's Invention;
 By which in after Times he strove
 To disunite the firmest Love.

For when he found the weaker Side,
 Were with Ambition fill'd, and Bride,
 That they their Grandeur to uphold,
 Would sell themselves, their Souls for Gold.
 He fill'd each Breast with Cov'rice so,
 That they'd for sake of it, forego
 Their Peace and Happiness; Nay, would
 For Riches wed, ugly, or old,
 Diseas'd, or impotent, or blind,
 Or deaf, or dumb, or any Kind,
 Or senseless Fool, or idle Sor;
 If rich, it was no matter what;

That

And joining thus the young and old,
 Of different Sorts, the Hot and Cold,
 Sedate and Airey, Grave and Gay,
 As Opposite as Night and Day;
 Confusion introduc'd, and Strife,
 To keep at jarring Man and Wife,
 By which he shew'd his skill'd accurs'd,
 In making the best State the worst.

Tom gets the Gold; but **Sue** alas!
 Is still as bad, or in worse Case;
 All Night he Sleep, no Notice takes,
 Of those fond Overtures she makes.
 In th' Morn he rises from his Bed,
 The Duty's of the Night unpaid,
 Leaves **Sue** to curse her hapless Fate,
 Who now repents when 'tis too late.
Sue craves, before he rises, this,
 To give and take a parting Kiss.
Tom cries, he can't; he cannot stay;
 His Bus'ness calls, he must away.

Sue,

Sue, after Dinner, asks the same;
 Tom always tells her she's to blame,
 Kissing and Billing's foolish Toys,
 And only fit for Girls and Boys;
 Such Childish Sporting is not fit
 For those of better Age and Wit;
 Besides old Maidens are such Stuff,
 So hard, so crabbed, and so tough;
 So difficult to work on; They,
 Like knotty Boards, never give Way;
 So stubborn, that they'll rather split;
 Or break in Twain, than yield a Bit.

Thus Sue, with Reason's still afraid
 She's doom'd to live and die a Maid;
 Her Gold is gone, which might entice
 Some one at last to break the Ice;
 But no Temptation now is left,
 Poor Sue's of all her Hopes bereft;
 For Tom most sadly goes astray,
 What shall she do to make him stay.

Act

At Home, and keep to his Dear Honey.
 Alas! she's given him all her Money;
 That moving Charm no more she'll find;
 And **Tom** without it won't be kind;
 But spends her Money on a Crew
 Of Sluts and Whores, and leave poor **Sue**.
 What shall she do? Reproofs do fail,
 And good Advice will not prevail.
 What if she flies to Spells and Charms?
 Why? 'tis but to prevent worse Harms.
 There's **Fisher, Langham**, many more
 Of such wise Men, at least a Score,
 The which can all his Failings show;
 Tell where and when, and who and how;
 What saucy Trollop steals his Heart;
 And robs **Sue** of his better Part;
 To them she'll go; away she hies;
 But first to Doctor **Fisher** flies.

' Dear noble Sir, I come to show
 The Hardships that I undergo.

' When

' When Young I was, I'd many Charms,
 ' Thousands wish'd Death within my Arms;
 ' Nay, I'm not Old as yet; 'd ye see,
 ' I want, at least, Three of Fifty.
 ' And one would think that I might well
 ' Vie Charms with any Jezebel.
 ' Preservatives I've us'd with Care,
 ' To make the Skin both plump and fair;
 ' White Lots, sweet Balls, and Pomander,
 ' With Benjamin and Lavender,
 ' With Wools from Venice and from Port,
 ' And Fucus's of ev'ry Sort;
 ' Italian Pastes, and Creams from Rome,
 ' With other Things we have at home,
 ' As Eumitory steeped in
 ' Sow'r Cream to purge, and cleanse the Skin,
 ' From Tetters, Ringworms, and from Mor-
 ' phew;
 ' From Sun-burnt Freckles, and from Scurf
 ' ton,

' With

' With Bean-Flow'r Water, Lemon Juice,
 ' And other Things that's fit for Use.
 ' Bears Grease and AEque-Mellis, with
 ' What will preserve and cleanse the Teeth;
 ' I, Sir, have us'd all Things that known are,
 ' And sold by Gar'way, Lockton,
 Spooner.

' Portugal Dishes, the most fine,
 ' With calcin'd Geruse, and Carmine;
 ' Yet notwithstanding all my Art,
 ' I can't engage his fickle Heart;
 ' For so, an't please you Doctor, 'tis,
 ' Many Nocturnal Joys I miss;
 ' For why some wheed'ling Baggage does
 ' Bewitch my Dear, as I suppose,
 ' Makes him my Company forsake,
 ' Stol'n Pleasures in her Arms to take.
 ' But if I tell him so, he flies
 ' In Passion strait, and all denies,
 ' Swears 'tis all False, the Liars damn'd.
 ' Thus really, Sir, I'm strangely sham'd;
 D For

Thofe

' Those guilty Meetings which they steal,
 ' And artfully from me conceal.
 ' Pray let me know, that I may trap 'em,
 ' And at their next stol'n Meeting napp 'em.

The Doctor grumb'ling in his Throat,
 With Voice, hoarse as a Boson's Note,
 Mumbling and mutt'ring to himself;
 And taking down from off the Shelf
 A musty, tatter'd Conjuring-Book,
 He for some Minutes in't did look;
 Then turn'd about, and thus did say;
 ' How old's your Husband, Madam, pray.
 ' He's Eight and Twenty, Sir, says she,
 ' And for my Money marry'd me.'

' I cry'd, the Doctor plainly see,
 ' Your Husband is not yet Thirty;
 ' And that Int'rest made him engage
 ' To match with one double his Age;

' That 'twas your Money, not your Beauty,
 ' Prevail'd; But yet he shoul'd be true t'ye,
 ' He for your Gold, if not your Face,
 ' Shoul'd do the Duty of his Place.
 ' But now his Name? Hold, let me see,
 ' His Name is; — ' Sir, 'tis Tom, says
 she.

' Ay; ay; cries he, Tom is his Name;
 ' Look here, I plainly see the same;
 ' Come see what's next; Look in that Glass;
 ' See, Madam, if you know that Face,
 ' That saucy Slut he ne'er does miss,
 ' When they'r in private, for to kiss;
 ' 'Tis she, Madam, usurps your Place;
 ' Look at her if you know her Face.
 ' Ay; ay; says she, I know the Quean,
 ' I have the Gossip often seen;
 ' Oft times I'm sure, at least, a Dozen,
 ' He always tells me she's his Cousen,
 ' But if I ever chance to meet
 ' The Minks again; nay, tho' i' th' Street,
 ' I

' I will the Buffey soundly flap,
 ' Ple Douse her Chops, and pull her Cap;
 ' I'll maul the Jade at such a Rate,
 ' I'll make her curse her envious Fate;
 ' If I on her e'er lay my Laws,
 ' I'll giva her Sweet-meat, Sow'r-sauce;
 ' Make her think of the fatal Day,
 ' That she inveagled Tom away,
 ' Make her repent, she's such a Brute,
 ' To meddle with forbidden Fruit;
 ' And know how she can take delight in,
 ' Those Things, I'm sure, she has no right in.'

' Hold, cries the Doctor, stay, here's more;
 ' Here is, I'm sure, at least, a Score.
 ' Your Husband's nought sure, as your here,
 ' Or else these Jades wou'd not appear.
 ' I'll tell you, Madam, if your willing,
 ' I'll do; -- come, give me t' other Shilling.
 ' I will contrive a subtle Charm;
 ' I'm sure't can never do you harm;

Observe

' Observe but the Directions given,
 ' And then with **Tom** you will be even;
 ' He ne'er to any Minks shall go,
 ' But you the same shall always know.
 ' Nor could **Bombastus**, **Pa racelsus**,
 ' **Baptista Porta**, nor **Cornelius**
 ' **Agrippa**; no nor he (that's said)
 ' To've made the famous **Brazen-Head**,
 ' Which from all Foes would have secur'd
 us;
 ' As our old Stories have affur'd us;
 ' Had it been minded when it spoke;
 ' But when the Charm was done, it broke.
 ' Nor **Doctor Dee**; nor famous **Kelly**;
 ' Nor **Doctor Faustus**; tho' they tell yee,
 ' The Devil himself did direct,
 ' And all his secret Charm inspect;
 ' Yet all of them could never do
 ' What I shall undertake for you.
 ' Of Charms and Sygills, I've such Store,
 ' There's no Man living can have more;
 Such

' Such mighty Things I have to brag on;
 ' The Black, the Green, and Golden Dragon;
 ' The true Fern-Seed; tho' how't does grow,
 ' There's none besides myself does know;
 ' But yet such Virtue it contains,
 ' The Devil himself is at the Pains
 ' To watch all Night to gather it;
 ' But I have found how to out-wit
 ' That Sophister; For all his Claws,
 ' I snatch the Seed from 'twixt his Paws;
 ' And by my Art I make him tarry
 ' Till I am serv'd; and Fetch and Carry;
 ' Just as we do a Spaniel Dog;
 ' Nay sometimes chain him to a Log.
 ' But if he dare to disobey,
 ' Send him at once to the Red-Sea;
 ' To make me of those Sands a Rope;
 ' Or bring me, and not spill a Drop,
 ' A Pail of Water in a Sive,
 ' In dread of which he's fain to give

' What

' What ever Liberty I ask;
 ' And readily perform each Task,
 ' That I on him think fit t' impose;
 ' So that I lead him by the Nose;
 ' Just as ol'd **Preston** did his Bears,
 ' And make him snarle and hang his Ears
 ' Just like them too; for we who know
 ' To manage him, ne'er cring and bow;
 ' We scorne to beg, pray, and intreat
 ' Him do such Things as we think fit,
 ' But wisely keep him under Check,
 ' To make him come and go at Beck;
 ' Rise up, lye down, both Fetch and Carry,
 ' Run here, or there, or go, or tarry:
 ' And like a Dog brought up to Hand,
 ' To do all Things at our Command.
 ' With him I will some Charm contrive,
 ' Shall do your Jobb, as I'm alive,
 ' Make **Tom** ready and free to give
 ' Those Charms so gladly you'd receive.

' He

He shall so blith and merry be,
 So brisk, so am'rous, kind and free,
 You'll be surpriz'd to find the Change,
 And think nothing can be more strange;
 For it shall be his sole Delight,
 To give you Pleasures Day and Night;
 He shall---I'll not anticipate,
 Nor all your coming Joys relate;
 I've a Familiar does attend me,
 By him this Night, I will it send yee;
 Observe but what he shall direct,
 Take Notice on't, and don't neglect;
 I'll answer then, my Word for yours,
 You'll find a safe and speedy Cure,
 For in my Charm such Virtue's plac'd,
 'tShall keep him continent and chaste.

Sue lowly curt'sied, and reply'd,
 Doctor, I hope you will provide
 Some Remedy to cure this Evil,
 That Tom may be more kind and civil;

§

And

And if he will not love at home,
 Abroad pray do not let him roam;
 But if a Change in him I find,
 I promise you, I'll be more kind,
 I will return and let you know it,
 And by some handsome Present show it:
 In the mean time, pray be so civil
 As to consult your little Devil,
 Send him to Night, and do not fail,
 Let th' Charm be good that't may prevail.

Thus Sue took Leave, and Hopes conceiv'd
 She'd be no more by Tom deceiv'd:
 Mean while, the Doctor and his Devil
 Consulted how to cure the Evil.
 The Doctor thought of a Device,
 But 'twould not do, then in a Trice;
 The Devil cry'd, Doctor forbear,
 I've found out one will do, I swear;
 A Pair of Spectacles to peep in,
 Which I will give to Sue, whilst sleeping,
 Which when she looks thro' she shall see
 What Tom does in all Company,

Know

Know where and when, both how and who,
 Tom either does, or does not do,
 Whether within, or without Doors
 He prays, or swears, or drinks, or whores;
 If in old Drury or Fleetstreet,
 Or wheresoever he does meet
 Those Gypsies, that do Tom enslave,
 And rob Sue of what she shou'd have,

Do my Familiar cry'd old Fisher,
 And tell her better Luck I wish her,
 That Pleasure she may spend whole Nights in,
 And Tom give what she most delights in,
 That he no more may go astray,
 But constant prove both Night and Day.

I'll do't cry'd he, and warrant this,
 My Spectacles shall never miss,
 For when she slips 'em on her Nose,
 She'll see at all times, what Tom does,
 Each Action see, each Word shall hear,
 As long as she the same shall wear;

With speed I'll do't, this very Night,
 And let you know e're Morning Light
 How they succeed—

The Doctor with his Sacademon,
 Consulted thus to help poor Susan:
 Mean time, the wish'd for Evening came,
 Which was to prove th' Effects o'th same;
 When Sol our Hemisphere had rest
 Of Light, and only Stars were left;
 Nor wou'd pale Cinthia adorn
 This Side o'th Earth, but for the Morn'
 Her Visit kept, when see might hear
 What strange Effect, from th' Conjuror
 s' Most Wonder-working Charm did fall,
 Or if't had had Effect at all,
 For she too often had been made
 A Witness to the Doctor's Trade,
 Pretences that cou'd ne'er be true,
 That now she modestly withdrew,
 And rather chose at second Hand
 To hear it, than a Witness stand,

Left

Left Mercury to pimp and scout,
And carry the Success about.

Now **Tom** and **Sue** suppose in Bed,
He fast asleep, no Duty paid;
Poor restless **Sue** tossing and tumbling
At **Tom's** Unkindness, sadly grumbling;
But hoping she shou'd quickly find
The Charm wou'd make **Tom** prove more kind,
At last---We must due Order keep,
Sorrow made **Sue** fall fast asleep;
She dream'd of **Fisher** and his Friend,
Which he had promis'd her to send;
Just in the Midst, the little Devil
Came with his Charm to cure the Evil.

No frightful Shape he did assume,
But **Cupid** like, enter'd the Room;
A feather'd Wing cover'd each Arm,
And in his Band the powerful Charm;
Who thus address'd himself to **Sue**,
I from the Doctor come, to you;

With

With wond'rous Care and Skill has he,
 Contriv'd these Spectacles you see;
 The Glasses large, they must be so
 On this Occasion—Now I'll show
 Their Property, and how you shall
 Apply 'em, to discover all;
 Do but put 'em upon your Nose,
 You'll see where **Tom** is, what he does,
 Turn but the Glasses downwards, and
 You'll see how his Affections stand,
 By those, you always may discover
 The Inclinations of your Lover,
 The more you put 'em on your Nose,
 The plainer you'll see what he does,
 Nay further still, as long as you
 Wear 'em, you'll keep him just and true;
 No cunning Gypsie with a Wile,
 Shall you of your due Rights beguile,
 And if at Home he will not do,
 Abroad he shan't, I'll promise you,
 Search **Ludgate-Street**, or where you please,
 There's none can make you such as these;

Nay,

Nay, tho' they grind 'em on Brass Tools,
 Shou'd they pretend to't, they'd be Fools;
 Their Property I have declar'd,
 How you must use 'em, you have heard,
 All, All is true, you've heard me say,
 For once, believe the Devil pray,
 Or if you don't believe me, try,
 You'll see the Truth on't presently,
 As sure as I look over Linco'n,
 You'll see the very Thing you think on,
 Tom you shall see, and catch I swear,
 Napping, as Moss did catch his Mare.

Sue overjoy'd to find how civil
 The Doctor'd been, to send his Devil,
 Hearing the Virtues of his Spell,
 What Thanks to give she could not tell;
 Yet, least the Devil shou'd impose,
 She'd try to put 'em on her Nose.

Come turn about the Devil said,
 Dear Madam Sue be not afraid,

Some

Come, I'll assist you, here you must
 Your Nose betwixt these Glasses thrust,
 Slip't in, within this Neck I pray,
 When once you're shom'd, you'l know the Way.

Just as the Devil bid, suppose,
 You see Sue thrusting in her Nose;
 No sooner done, but in surprize,
 Ay, Ay, I see the Rogue she cries,
 He's at the Tavern yonder, o'er
 His Bottle, dabling with a Whore;
 I'll fly with speed, their Farce I'll spoil,
 Poor Sue was sleeping all this While;
 And so was Tom, till wak'd from Sleep,
 He cry'd, what's this, where wou'd you creep,
 Leave of your Bustling and give o'er,
 What Rogue, what Tavern, or what Whore;
 What is't you'll spoil, pray leave your Farce,
 You've thrust your Nose into my A--

Poor Sue awoke, found Tom in Bed,
 Her Nose indeed;--But th' Devil fled.

I AP 64

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